

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. Office: 100 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone: 2-2000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By mail, including postage in the United States:

	One Year	Six Months	Three Months
By Mail, Postpaid	\$12.00	\$7.00	\$4.00
Daily and Sunday	\$12.00	\$7.00	\$4.00
Daily only	\$10.00	\$5.00	\$3.00
Sunday only	4.00	2.00	1.00

CANADIAN RATES
Daily and Sunday \$12.00
Daily only \$10.00
Sunday only 4.00

FOREIGN RATES
Daily and Sunday \$12.00
Daily only \$10.00
Sunday only 4.00

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter

GUARANTY
You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—no risk of dissatisfaction. In case of any dissatisfaction, you may return the goods to the advertiser for a full refund of the purchase price. No red tape. No delay. We refund promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news of spontaneous origin published here.

Taking the Hint

Two Labor Day utterances by union labor leaders struck a novel note. They implied some recognition of the great change which has occurred in the public's attitude toward the claims of organized labor.

Mr. Gompers said in Washington: "Every contest with the owners and manipulators of industry, accentuates the truth that the workers have but few outside their own ranks who sympathize with them in their determination to emancipate mankind or support them in their efforts."

Here a truth shines through a sheathing of misleading rhetoric. Mr. Gompers sees that few people sympathize any longer with the efforts of labor unionism, as now practiced, to exploit the rest of the community. He ingeniously says that unionism is trying to "emancipate mankind." But people who have followed that effort have wakened to the fact that the "emancipation" is not intended to extend beyond the ranks of the unions.

Organized labor is technically, and often actually, hostile to capital. But it is far more hostile to other labor. It will see non-union labor competing with it killed or starved without a quiver of compassion. It will join with capital to practice extortion on the great mass of laboring men, on salaried workers and on women and children. If union labor can build up its own compensation fund it is little concerned whether there is enough left to go around among other workers.

Mr. Gompers admits that unionized labor has few friends where it once had many. He doesn't hint at the real reason for this, which is that the unions are pursuing an economic policy in obvious antagonism to the interest of every other class.

Mr. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, said at Cleveland, dealing more particularly with the railroad situation:

"Instead of continuing a program of reprisals both capital and labor must agree to a common sense, fair and practical adjustment of their differences, or there will be what amounts to conscription of certain classes of both in the interest of common welfare."

This is franker talk than Mr. Gompers'. Mr. Lee is wise enough to realize that the railroad unions cannot have their way in railroad-ing as the miners' union, for instance, has had its way in the coal industry. The public has a direct interest in transportation and has asserted its right to regulate wages and working conditions through Federal agencies. It has in a way "conscribed" railroad capital and railroad labor. It is determined that they shall accommodate themselves hereafter to the requirements of the "common welfare."

This applies to rates and wages. It also applies to strikes. In the transportation field the unions have yielded far more than they have in other fields. And the public will never agree to have the destructive freedom of the old strike-when-you-please era restored.

The Caillaux Policy

In his interesting article in yesterday's Tribune M. Raymond Reouly, distinguished French journalist, answers with an emphatic negative the question: "Will Caillaux come back?"

The anonymous author of the book "The Pomp of Power," who is obviously extremely well informed and lets in the light on many obscure parts of recent history, is of a somewhat different opinion. While not predicting the return of Caillaux, he discusses it as a possibility, and he closes his discussion with the surprising statement that if Caillaux comes back he will owe his resuscitation principally to Lloyd George.

Two Americans are able to see Caillaux as all. They are mystified by the fact that instead of his being in prison the French press seems to concede that a large body of public opinion is behind him and that he is dangerous. In view of Caillaux's course during the Agadir crisis and the Minotto conversations, the rec-

ord of which was found in the effects of the German Ambassador to the Argentine, and the documents revealing the Caillaux plan which were piled out of a Milan safety deposit box, Americans then wondered why Caillaux did not promptly receive Bolo treatment.

What is this policy of Caillaux which is emerging into discussion? It is nothing other than that France was guilty of a blunder when she turned to Great Britain in pre-war days instead of to Germany. Caillaux said: "Forget Alsace-Lorraine. Join Germany in a Continental alliance. Great Britain's interests are fundamentally opposed to those of France." In a word, Caillaux revived the Continental diplomatic policy of Napoleon.

The basis of the allegation that Lloyd George is helping Caillaux is the persistent attempt of Great Britain to modify the compromise agreement reached at Versailles. Many Frenchmen are being led to say: "Perhaps Caillaux was right."

That France will put material interests above the claims of idealism or right is highly improbable, but it is sadly true that many Frenchmen have been led to think harshly of their ally. We may witness the revolting spectacle of France as well as Great Britain bidding for special German friendship.

The Fruits of Folly

The Greeks recalled Constantine in 1920 in a fit of pique. They felt an itching to smash something, so they smashed Venizelos, the greatest of Greek statesmen, who had raised his country to a new pinnacle of power. This man, who has done everything for Greece, was discarded for Constantine, who has done Greece nothing but harm.

It was a lark in the eyes of the Greek voters to recall a worthless King who had betrayed the country's interests to please a German wife and brother-in-law. Such is the perversity of peoples when they fall into a trouble-making mood. But what seemed a lark has turned into a black tragedy. Constantine's folly has done what any sober-minded Greek must have known that it would do. This time he has sacrificed the substance and prestige of the country not to German advantage but to his own vainglory.

When Tino reascended the throne Greece's hold in Thrace and western Asia Minor was secure. The Greek armies had occupied Smyrna and the whole region north to the Black Sea. Greece had a treaty title to this area. The beaten Nationalist Turks were satisfied to defend the approaches to Angora.

Constantine's return changed all this. The Allies could not trust him, remembering his war perfidy. They naturally refused to accept him as their agent in enforcing the Sevres Treaty. Defying them, he undertook a war on credit against the Turks, with the hope of compelling the Angora government to cede him the Asian territory which the Allies had allotted to Venizelos but would not allot to him.

This mad ambition has practically bankrupted Greece. It has led to the costly failure of the two 1921 campaigns for Angora and to the final crushing defeat inflicted last week on the Greek armies in Asia. The Greek forces are now evacuating the lines which they occupied before Constantine's recall. It is a question whether they can defend Smyrna.

The Greek government is begging the Allies to intervene and secure an armistice from the Turks. Athens is eating very humble pie. The childish prank of 1920 is recalled with genuine heartburnings. Constantine's adventure will probably be liquidated at the Venice conference. There is little left to liquidate. As a king Tino has twice proved himself a European nuisance. It is time that he was on his way back to exile in Switzerland.

The Mexican Debt Settlement

The agreement between the international bankers and the Mexican Secretary of the Treasury for the settlement of Mexico's debt still remains to be ratified by the Mexican Congress. Its details have now been made public, and it seems to be a comprehensive scheme promising ultimate satisfaction to the creditors without imposing undue hardships upon the Mexican government.

The agreement names twenty-eight different issues of bonds, including railroad as well as government loans, and the issues of a few states and of the City of Mexico. One of the reasons why so many railroad bonds are provided for is that many of the issues were originally guaranteed by the government. The fact that during the last ten years most of the railroads have been confiscated by revolutionary or governmental agencies has also placed upon the government a special responsibility.

In order to assure the payment of interest on these issues three special classes of revenues are set aside. The entire proceeds of the oil export tax is the first and probably the most important. Besides this, 10 per cent of the gross receipts of the National Railways of Mexico is to be set aside and all of the net receipts of these railways.

The total sum to be provided for in the first year is 30,000,000 Mexican pesos. This is to be increased every

year for five years by 5,000,000 pesos, and thereafter to be at the rate of 50,000,000 pesos annually. Payment during the first years will be only partly in cash, varying according to the different issues. The balance will be paid in scrip. Defaulted interest during the past years will be funded and new certificates issued therefor.

The fact that the revenues from oil and the railroads are specifically assigned for the discharge of this obligation is of real importance. The oil tax is one of the surest sources of revenue. The railroads by this same agreement are turned back to the private owners, thereby promising improved operation and increased revenues.

Besides ratification, there remains the peaceful development of Mexico to make this agreement of permanent value. Under Obregon law and order have been strengthened, and if the good record is kept up Mexico's international credit should soon be re-established.

Otium Cum Dignitate

"To read many books which I have not had time to read in a busy life," writes Justice Clarke in his resigning letter, "to travel and to serve my neighbors and some public causes in ways in which I cannot serve them when holding important public place—these are reasons why a man sixty-five years young leaves the bench."

A breath from classical days! One can see Cicero dressing his vines or reading Vergil's bucolics or writing "De Senectute." Or Ulysses, after his leaving his isle to Telemachus, sailing into the sunset in the hope of yet seeing mighty Hercules or at least the great Achilles. Or Diocletian giving up a world scepter to enjoy the delights of Ragusa, or Emperor Charles V going to a monastery to complete his days.

Otium cum dignitate! Americans have almost lost the habit or even the ideal. There is a philosophy of early life and of middle life, but seldom of later life. An adjusted harness makes callouses that conceal the man beneath. Felicitations, it would seem, may be appropriately extended to Justice Clarke.

The Davis Cup Stays

William M. Johnston's ferocious racquet put the Davis Cup out of jeopardy in short order yesterday. The neatness and dispatch with which he disposed of Gerald L. Patterson, a player always full of fight, was a great exhibition of artistry. With the cup safe Tilden's tilt with Anderson was a postlude. In spite of his recent illness the Australian, barely defeated, vindicated his selection as a contestant in the singles.

The cup series now stands six-all between America and Australasia. We can look forward with pleasure and with confidence to the next visit from the far-Pacific challengers. They taught us something this time about the doubles game. Our present experts seem to have played it somewhat at haphazard. It is frankly admitted that the victory of Pat O'Hara Wood and Patterson was no fluke. They are a better team than our best in the most spectacular branch of the sport. In the singles our two "Bills" are still the aces.

Johnston, whom everybody admires not only for his pre-eminent skill but for his never-say-die sporting spirit, which seems to typify the American mood at its best, was the outstanding figure of the Forest Hills tournament. The marvelous little Californian appears to be at the peak of his game. Tilden will need his full armory of strokes to withstand the Johnstonian onslaught this year.

An Edison Anniversary

On September 4, 1882, the first Edison power plant in New York City sent out the first power for a few hundred lamps. To-day Mr. Edison is still working in his laboratories perfecting his inventions and the power plants of the city are furnishing current for many million bulbs.

Within four decades electric lighting, from being a curious experiment, has become a standard necessity. It has caused almost as great a revolution in the social and business life of our times as the telephone or the automobile. Like the telephone, it is now taken for granted and is depended upon as an essential. Like the automobile, it has greatly enhanced man's facility for work and has added enormously to his capacity for enjoyment.

It will not be long before the children of the country districts alone will know the life familiar to the generation now passing. City children will not be able to picture the life of horses and carriages, of lamp and candle light and of telephone-less isolation of their parents. The story of the city child in the country wondering why the farmer bothered to put the horses out in front of the car, where they merely got in the way and slowed down its speed, may be far fetched. But it is only a little more unlikely than the tale of the small girl who on first seeing a woman using an old-fashioned flat-iron assured her that it wouldn't work because it didn't have a string attached to it. Electric irons have by no means replaced the old style as much as electric lights have replaced lamps. But the inroad of all

manner of electrical conveniences into the home is daily getting greater.

The incredible thing is that during the short span of forty years electricity should have entrenched itself so strongly in our daily life. Not even Mr. Edison on that 4th of September in 1882 could have foreseen the effect of his invention on the development of the world. For every bulb lit on that first day there are a million lit to-day.

The Bourgeois-Balfour Plan

The Bourgeois-Balfour plan for an international receivership of Austria, with the receiver having at hand an international police force to keep down communistic riots and a destruction of the little the Austrian people have left, is an ingenious one. Moreover, it seems justified by many special circumstances.

But difficulties are in the path of its practical application. There was an international police force of a kind in Upper Silesia, and it became a new cause of friction between Great Britain and France. Blessed are the peacemakers, but, alas! even assemblages of pacifists have been known to break up in anger.

Moreover, a receivership of a bankrupt nation imposes heavy obligations on the receiver. In this case there are mouths to be filled. Who will undertake the duty? Doubtless this can be arranged and Mr. Hoover can be called in. But the troubles of Austria, as seen from this side, are not curable by a more largess of bread. A serious responsibility is assumed when the economic unit such as the old Austria-Hungary is broken up. The world is presented a striking example of pushing too far the principle of self-determination.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Emulation

Little Johnny means some day
To make the bleachers scream
Every time they see him play
On a big league team.
He's got the pellet well controlled;
He's quick, and cool and calm,
And when he's twenty-one years old

He'll be a real phenom.
All he needs is a fame—
Ambitious little mite—
And then some day he'll throw a game
And get rich over night!

Tommy's learned to clout the pill
Across the garden wall.
He has the most amazing skill
For one so very small.
He'll be a big league player soon
And have the game down pat,
And knock 'em half way to the moon

When he steps up to bat.
And he has not the slightest doubt
That he'll hit such a gait
That he can sell a series out
In 1928.

Eddy's playing center field
And aims to be a star.
He says that some time he'll be heeled
And have a motor car.
"I'll only need to wait," says he,
"Until I get my break;
The gamblers will come up to me
And find out what I'll take.
I'll double any price they name,
And if they treat me fair,
The day I blow and quit the game
I'll be a millionaire."

Explaining Dull Times

Not much can be expected for a month or two now. People will need that much time to sleep off the effects of their summer vacations.

He Might Have Backed Out

Little did Mr. Harding guess in 1920 that he was being nominated for the office of umpire.

A Forgotten Menace

It has been a long time since anybody blamed cheap whisky for any form of crime.
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Dr. Grant in the Minority

To the Editor of the Tribune.
Sir: Quoting the Rev. William Austin Smith, your headline writer told us last Wednesday that the Episcopal Church was near a split in the matter of healing by prayer. This morning we are told that Dr. Percy Grant "fays the Episcopal Church," and then follows one of Dr. Grant's usual fulminations.

"Split" and "fayed" all within a few days of each other! It is a wonder how the poor church can exist in such a sorry state. But we have been "split" and "fayed" so many times that it is to be feared we are calloused. If there is a controversy about faith healing it is very small and does not disturb the rank and file of clergy and laity.

A constructive thing for you to do would be to give equal publicity to the fact that Dr. Grant, for instance, does not represent the thought of the clergy of the Episcopal Church. He seems to think it un-American (and why is anything "American" always right?) to refuse to marry divorced people. And yet in this town, for example, the clergy of the Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches are consistent and united in their opposition to remarriage after divorce.

Dr. Grant thinks that divorce and successive remarriages do not harm the home. Perhaps he has not seen, as I have seen and know only too well, the unfortunate children who become fotsam and jetsam, missing the care and love of a father or a mother.

HIRAM R. BENNETT.

Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 2, 1922.

Their Real Use

(From The Wichita Beacon)
Used properly, stumbling blocks make a fine foothold.

The Tower

DIGESTIVE DIRGE

MY SENSE of taste impels my jaws
To chew without a question
All sorts of things it knows will cause
My innards indigestion.

It grins and giggles when below,
My patient stomach labors
And sighs and mutters in its woe.
They are not kindly neighbors.

My stomach o'er its bitter fate
Cries plaintively in pain
About the sort of thing I ate.
I hear—and eat again.

I hear, and swear a solemn vow
To ease it of its sorrow;
I won't begin to diet now,
But I will start to-morrow.

I swear that henceforth I will be
A gent of rectitude;
But there's a plot, alluring me
Away from wholesome food.

My palate, tonsils, tongue and teeth
Have formed a league of nations,
And with my stomach far beneath
Hold badly strained relations.

Although my tummy weep and pray
For milk and gruel of oats,
They feed it pastry. Oh, the way
My epiglottis gloats!

My pharynx snickers in its glee
And hurries one and all
Rich, toothsome viands into me.
It does not care at all.

It does not care the least of bits
About my gastric juice,
Or if my sad pylorus sits
And mutters "What's the use?"

"Ah, woe, alas! alackaday!"
My epithelium moans;
"That tongue, those teeth, how cruel
are they!"
They eat and pick the bones.

"They have no thought of how the stuff
They load upon me serves
The inner man. They're awful rough
On pneumogastric nerves!"

Triumphantly my jaws take hold;
Defiantly they chew.
They do not hear my pepsin scold,
My mucous membrane mew.

Within myself my stomach meek
Bears patiently the odium,
And yearns for rhubarb pills and eke
Bicarbonate of sodium.

My sense of taste looks eagerly
On pies, and fries, and curry,
And meats and sweets, and says to me:
"Aw, eat 'em. I should worry!"

With all this talk of a general strike,
people should remember that there is a vast difference between a labor leader and a communist. A communist is a person who can't say the things a labor leader says without being sent to Atlanta or deported to Russia.

At Auction: One Mausoleum

Sir: I hereby make formal application for the waste paper basket which you used during your term in office. I want to have the pleasure of gazing upon the instrument used to bring to an untimely ending some of my own, as well as a great many of others', literary gems, masterpieces, etc.

I promise to place this basket, artistically tied and decorated with beautiful ribbons and suitably inscribed, upon a handsome pedestal so that all disappointed contributors may view and give vent to their bitter feelings, if they so desire. Listen to my plea and grant my last request.

LOUIS.

The Kaiser and his son, dispatches from Holland say, long to end their lives in Germany. Germany might be willing to perform her part of the bargain if they would promise to fulfill theirs immediately thereafter.

TRIOLET

If you render my verse,
It should not be allowed,
For it always sounds worse
If you render my verse—
You may call it rehearse—
In the midst of a crowd.
If you render my verse,
It should not be allowed!

WALDO BANNING.

A man in Belmar, N. J., has been arrested, charged with disorderly conduct, because he went out beyond his depth and nearly drowned. It is fortunate for him that he did not go down a couple of times more. He might have been compelled to face a charge of homicide.

Despite the current delays in trains, they still seem to get to the crossings just in time to meet the automobiles.

The Sportiest Course

Sir: New Jersey Mosquito Golf may be fine sport for a New York commuter, but it doesn't require the skill necessary to put up a good game according to Longmeadow, Mass., rules. We have a course laid out under the Tin Lizzie that can be played any night after dark when the said Light Lincoln refuses to budge and requires attention underneath.

The palms of the hands must be covered with oil and the game played without the aid of a flashlight or advice from the caddy passing the tools. Hiding in one is accomplished by winging the bird, while on one's ankle, with a monkey wrench. This is a beautiful shot when done well. A miss is a stroke; oil on the clothes is out of bounds, and swatting with the hands loss of a hole. Score can be kept in the dark by inserting tacks in the tires. A few more won't matter.

PETE.

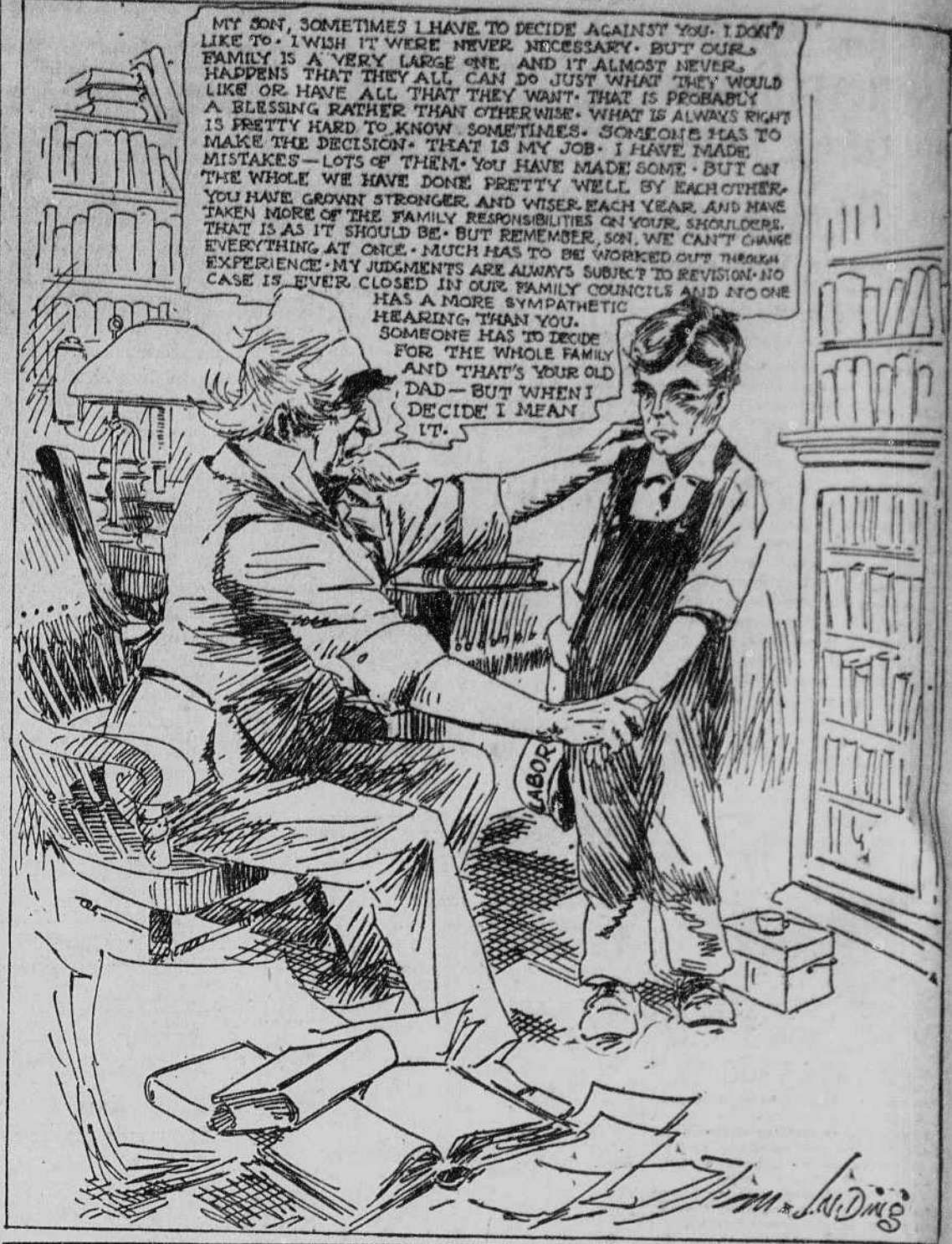
In Texas, where the Ku-Klux Klan flourishes and the negro burner rears its young, a Roman Catholic priest has been flogged for alleged pro-Germanism during the war. We favor a movement to divorce the state from the Union for treason during the period from 1831 to 1865.

"Ku-Klux Klanism," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preakness, N. J., "is 100 per cent Americanism that's been set aside and allowed to spile."

F. F. V.

LET'S GO INTO THE LIBRARY AND TALK IT OVER

Copyright, 1922, New York Tribune, Inc.



Phases of the New Germany

The following impressions are those by an Observer in The London Daily Telegraph:

The new Germany is full of surprises. To the foreign visitor, at first, the outward appearances give no clew to the hidden realities. On entering the country, one's chief impression is that of orderliness and prosperity. At Berlin, for instance, the eye is struck by the gayety of the town. Here hotels, restaurants and theaters are filled to overflowing, and the shops in the fashionable Unter den Linden, the "Rue de la Paix" of the German capital, offer an amazing display of alluring goods—enamel and jeweled boxes and cigarette holders, satin, velvet and leather purses and vanity bags, ivory knick-knacks and other "fantaisies de luxe." And there are many shops of this kind, all willing to display their dainty wares to the inquisitive passer-by; side by side with these are the ever crowded cinemas, picture galleries and museums.

Departed Pomp

So far the superficial pre-war picture is complete; but it is lacking in one respect, for the all-pervading shadow of imperialism is absent. Gone are the smart officers with glittering uniforms, the pomp and splendor of court and the strident, imperious ring of the Emperor's horn as at break-neck speed he raced down the Kurfürstendamm and Unter den Linden to the Imperial palace beyond. Vanished, too, is the flower of a proud aristocracy, who formerly peopled the hotels and restaurants and gave the tone to play and opera.

To-day only the nouveau riche, the "Schieber," as the war profiteers are called, and the prosperous foreigner, with an inflated coinage, can afford to dine at the best table and buy seats for the theater. To the foreign visitor this is the first evident change, the revelation of a new era, the discovery

of the new Germany. And the average audience at opera, operetta, or play, be it light, serious or classic, is indeed a revelation. The 1922 playgoer, or occupant of stalls and boxes, considers it unnecessary to change or wash. Although rich and prosperous in appearance, he is certainly lacking in elegance or refinement. His artistic perceptions are practically non-existent; his wit, if any, dulled.

At the Theater

The same can be said about the stage, which reveals a general laxity of morals, often a total absence of good taste; for both manager and performer have to adapt themselves to the new public. To-day it is almost impossible to cater for the moody and changeable proletarian; unfortunately, the takings of the box office are dependent on him to a great extent, and producers cannot afford to risk money on a possible failure. The most obvious and obscene joke is sure to please, and the house rocks at the least touch of vulgarity. In this respect, the tone of the new productions shows a decided improvement when compared with the disgusting plays which found favor immediately after the revolution.

There are, however, still a few theaters which remain untainted by social and economic upheavals. Of these the two state opera houses—the Staatstheater, which is the equivalent of the Comédie Française in Paris, and Reinhardt's Theater—present pieces of the old school. Here I have witnessed performances admirable in every sense, artistic, musical and dramatic; in many respects the best in Europe, with the exception of the opera in Vienna. As formerly, the old favorite classics are always favorably received, and music of every kind is both understood and appreciated by the new audiences—a curious anomaly.

In spite of its poverty the German aristocracy clings together and has

formed a sort of league in order to assist its poorest members. The "Adelsbund"—Noblemen's League—undertakes to raise voluntary subscriptions to give relief to the really destitute. With this purpose in view each provincial town has formed a center of its own, which is responsible for certain districts and brings the hard cases to the notice of the members of this society. I know of instances in which several members of one family are obliged to share one room and a tiny sitting room, their sole diet often consisting of vegetables. To these, the arrival of a rabbit from a country friend is a great luxury.

It is the members of the aristocracy with the small fixed income, ample for pre-war conditions, but now insufficient to purchase the bare necessities of life, that are the most to be pitied. The same applies to the bourgeoisie, to professors, lawyers, doctors, and other members of the "intelligentsia" who are in a state of dire poverty. Too proud to reveal their penury, they suffer in silence. Under the outward, fictitious prosperity of the people the real condition of the "petite," and even "grande," noblesse and the middle classes lies concealed from the casual observer. One has really to visit these people in their homes to know the truth.

Shortage of Houses

The housing problem is acute, owing to the influx of fugitives and refugees from the occupied territory and annexed territories, such as Alsace-Lorraine, Upper Silesia, and parts of Poland, which belonged to Prussia at Posen. As in England, the building trade is practically suspended, this being due to the high rate of wages and the prohibitive cost of production and raw materials. To meet these abnormal conditions, the magistrates of each town have taken the situation in hand, and have formed a bureau in order to obtain control of all the houses and flats available. Without the permission of these gentlemen no accommodation can be let or disposed of, all contracts having to bear their stamp.

To each person in each house is allotted one room and the use of a common sitting room. Any owner of a spacious building, a large flat or house, is liable to have it commandeered at any moment. Many prefer to have their own friends or relatives quartered upon them; others to "take in" strangers. Thus, it is not unusual to call on a friend billeted on a doctor, dentist, or Herr Professor, or to find an entire family with a series of relatives occupying the same narrow walls. To many impoverished families this is a veritable source of income, and the arrival of "enforced paying guests" is quite welcome.

The condition of the country square is less precarious. Those of the old regime who were fortunate enough to possess a country house with a few acres of land have retired to their estates, there to cultivate the land, economize and live on their market produce. Others have been fortunate enough to turn these estates into really profitable concerns; some have speculated successfully and are quite affluent. Generally speaking, the land owner is comparatively prosperous. To-day, in Germany, the possession of land is a decided asset and a source of income, although it is only the richest who can afford to make a splash in town, where they pay occasional visits.

K. HUGHES.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1922.